



## J. C. Shirley, Named By Fisher in Phagan Case, Laughs at Accusations

(Continued From Page 1.)

fortunate fact that it came into the hands of the newspapers.

"This is similar to many sensational statements which have come to us, that we have investigated and found to be worthless.

"In this case we make up our minds and then we wait until it has been checked by investigation and then the test of corroborative evidence."

"Many statements of theories and facts have come to us that have been so palpably absurd that we have not even taken the trouble to investigate them."

"Nothing would probably have ever been said of this matter, had not the incident come into the possession of the newspapers."

### POLICE RECORD OF I. W. FISHER IS REVEALED BY PROBATION OFFICER

The record kept by Probation Officer Coogler of I. W. Fisher shows that he was arrested four times for wife-beating, twice put on probation, once bound over on this charge, and the last time jailed on a peace warrant sworn out by Mrs. Fisher, following which he left Atlanta last April.

The record starts with November of last year. It shows that Fisher is now thirty-five years of age and has a wife and two children living.

The record continues: "On November 24, 1912, Fisher was arrested for being drunk and disorderly, for abusing and maltreating his wife and for neglecting his family. He was put on probation, keeping straight until December 24, 1912, when he was again brought before the court, when he was shown that he had tried to make his obligation toward his wife and children, he was given another trial on the case of the Christian Help-ers' league."

On February 1, Fisher hurt himself in a fall and was taken to the Grady hospital. During his illness his family was aided by his employer, whose name is not given.

On February 21, 1913, Fisher, who had returned to his family, was again arrested on the charge of beating his wife and using profanity in the presence of several witnesses whose names are given as Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bradley, Mrs. Harry Campbell and a Mr. Mullins. He was bound over on this charge, and on April 10, when he was released, he was freed on his own bond. He returned to his wife, but on May 15 was haled before a Justice of the peace on a peace warrant issued by Mrs. Fisher, and was again bound over on the charge of wife-beating. This was let out on his promise to leave Atlanta. He did so, the last word being heard from him in Parkersville, Tenn., from which place he wrote to Mr. Coogler asking him to see him, and took a train along.

Attorney T. J. Lewis, of the law firm of Pools &amp; Lewis, who brought suit for divorce against Fisher for his wife, gave out a statement Monday morning, in which he said that from information he had received for the divorce case he was satisfied that Fisher is a confirmed drunkard.

Mr. Lewis said: "That he is addicted to the use of drugs and narcotics, and in my opinion this habit has deranged his mind to such an extent that he is not mentally responsible."

### WIFE SAYS MAN IS IRRESPONSIBLE, SISTER DOES NOT BELIEVE HIM

Ira W. Fisher, who declares that Lee M. Frank is innocent of the murder of Mary Phagan, Sunday night was labelled as an irresponsible drifter by his wife, Mrs. Annie Fisher, of 734 Marietta street, by his sister, Mrs. Alf Stalling, of 365 Houston street, and by his brother's husband.

Mrs. Fisher told the Journal that she believes her husband either is telling a tall story or some deep-laid motive or is reciting the wild dream of a drunken man.

Fisher's alleged statement that he left Atlanta immediately after the murder is denied by his wife. He lived with her until August 12, she said, when he left town, and when he was seen the day before, asking for an alimony, could be seen that he did not know where he was, she said, on August 12.

The only time she heard him express any reference as to the identity of the man he was with, she said, was one night, when reading a newspaper, he remarked: "They haven't got the guilty man." Frank didn't mention Mary Phagan.

## TELLS JOURNAL HER STORY.

Mrs. Fisher told the Journal frankly the complete story of her own relations with Fisher. They were married in Dalton, Ga., thirteen years ago, she said, moved to Marietta a few years later, and lived there until about three years ago.

Fisher, she said, has long been a drinking man. She declared that when sober, he was absolutely rational; when drinking, little short of a madman. She said: "I have never been so bad as to shoot him. Within the past year he has been arrested, she said, but never again declared, and had no intention of doing so." Fisher kept him probation for four months. It was no use."

Relations grew so strained, she said, that finally, on August 11, through an attorney named Lewis, whose offices are in the Fourth Na-

tional building, she filed suit for divorce and alimony for the support of their two children. Fisher heard of this, she said, and on August 12, before papers could be served on him, left.

Since that time she has taken boarders, and worked at dressmaking.

Soon after Fisher left, his wife said, she had a letter from Parkville, Tenn., and on September 3 she had another letter from him at Avondale, Ala., a suburb of Birmingham.

Fisher wanted to return and have her, she said.

"He wrote to me, but I didn't write to him," said his wife. "I told that I couldn't live with him any longer."

"I'm afraid of him," said Mrs. Fisher when told that her husband was in Atlanta. "I'm afraid he'll kill me. He has tried to steal the children and has threatened my life."

"Are you sure that he'll kill you?" she asked frantically. "I'm afraid, I'm afraid. I'm going to my sisters. I'm afraid to stay here."

Fisher's friends, she said, practically all were drinking men. She didn't know any names.

"He used to bring his friends home when he was drinking," she said, and I would leave."

Mrs. Fisher said that at the time of the Phagan murder her husband was in Atlanta. It was later for the parade, so Mr. Fisher took my sister and myself to a moving picture show on Peachtree street. He didn't go to the show himself, but we went out to the house. Mr. Fisher soon came home and told me that the man had told him a girl had been killed at the pencil factory.

"I read a story about the case in the paper, I saw a picture of Mullins. This looks like the man you met Sunday morning," I told Mr. Fisher, but he didn't answer.

"This afternoon he came to the pencil factory. We went to the office of Eddie and Little Embree, a young woman who was boarding with us then. Mr. Fisher didn't seem nervous.

"He seemed to read a lot about the case and one of the girls said: 'What do you know about it?' and whether they have or not." He answered that Frank didn't murder the girl.

"He may have mentioned the case at other times, I don't know," she said.

Mrs. Fisher said that she had kept a diary in which she set down the date of everything of the ordinary that occurred between her and Fisher. She explained that she had written it in ink, but it had turned to sand since then. Since then, she said, the diary has disappeared. "I think he got out little boy to slip it out of him," she said. "For fear I would use it against him." Fisher, she said, has a boy of twelve.

They have two children—Evelyn, a bright eyed little girl of eight years, and James Lee, a boy of twelve.

Fisher has a brother, Marion, who is associated with Ed Holder in (Continued on Page Three.)

TOLD OF THE MURDER.

The next Sunday morning, she went on, "just after breakfast we went to the drug store (about a block away). On the way back we met a man I didn't know. He said: 'Fisher? I've got something to tell you.' I told him to come to the house. Mr. Fisher soon came home and told me that the man had told him a girl had been killed at the pencil factory."

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## Fisher Sticks to His Story; Frank Lawyers Isolate Him Shield Name of Accused

(Continued From Page 1)

years ago, she said, moved to Marietta a few years later, and lived there until three years ago when she moved to Atlanta.

Fisher, she said, has long been a drinking man. She declared that when sober, he was absolutely rational; when drinking, little short of a maniac. Several times, she said, Fisher had threatened to shoot her. Within the last month, she said, Fisher had threatened to shoot her again, unless he had threatened to take her life.

"When he threatened to kill me," said Mrs. Fisher, "Officer Clancy, who is a friend of his, pleaded with him to stop, and we got divorced, but he kept him on probation for four months. It was no use."

Relations grew strained, she said, that finally, on August 11, she engaged an attorney named Lewis, whose offices are in the Fourth National Building, she filed suit for divorce and alimony for the support of their two children. At the time of the suit, she said, and on Aug. 12, when she could be served on him, left.

Since that time she had taken boarders, and worked at dressmaking, she said.

After Fisher left, his wife said, she had a letter from Parkhill, Tenn., and on September 3 she had another letter from him at Avondale, Ala., a suburb of Birmingham. Fisher wanted to return and live with her again.

"I wrote to me, but I didn't write to him," said his wife. "I felt that I couldn't live with him again."

"I'm afraid of him," said Mrs. Fisher when told that her husband was in Atlanta. "I'm afraid he'll kill me. He has tried to band the children and has threatened my life."

"Are you sure that he's locked up?" she asked frantically. "I'm afraid I'm going to my sister's. I'm afraid to stay here."

Fisher's friends, she said, practically all were drinking men. She didn't recall any names.

"He would bring his friends home when he was drinking," she said, and I was afraid."

Mrs. Fisher said that at the time of the Phagan murder her husband was employed at the Atlanta City Coffin factory. The Saturday of the murder, however, a holiday, he went to the city during the morning and paid Norman C. Miller, in Commerce hall, \$10 that was due on the house they were living in at 757 Marietta street. That afternoon, she said, Fisher went home to her and her sister, Mrs. Stallings, to attend the Memorial day parade.

"We went to the parade on a street car, and I said, 'What about that 2 o'clock? It was too late to ride,' so Mr. Fisher took my sister and myself to a moving picture show on Peachtree street. He didn't go to the show himself, but when we came out, he was waiting at the door. I think he was waiting for us to get out that night, but I'm not certain. He was drinking quite a lot that day. I would never go out with him if he had been drinking."

### TOOLD OF THE MURDER

The next Sunday morning she went on, "just after breakfast we went to the drug store (about a block away). On the way back we met a man I didn't know. He said, 'Fisher, we've got to talk.' I said, 'Mr. Fisher?' and he said, 'Yes, the house. Mr. Fisher's son came home and told me that the man had told his girl a story that she had been killed at the penitentiary.'

"Later, when I was reading about the case in the paper, I saw a picture of Fisher which looks like the man you met Sunday morning," told Mr. Fisher, but he didn't answer.

"This afternoon he suggested that we go to the pencil factory. We went to the drug store, and Little Embree, a young woman who was working with us, told us that the man who had told his girl a story that she had been killed at the penitentiary was Fisher."

"He may have mentioned the case to Little Embree, but I don't remember. I didn't know him." Mr. Fisher didn't seem nervous.

"He seemed to read a lot about the case, but he was waiting to see what I would say. I think he was waiting for that night, but I'm not certain. He was drinking quite a lot that day. I would never go out with him if he had been drinking."

The Fisher's two children—Evelyn, a bright eyed little girl of eight, and James Lee, a boy of six—had also been drinking.

Fisher has a brother, Marion, who is associated with Ed Holder in the lumber business in Atlanta. His brother had tried, she said, to have him released on bail, as had Probation Officer Coogler. Fisher's brother is well off, said Mrs. Fisher.

Soon after learning that her husband was in Atlanta, Mrs. Fisher went to the home of her sister, Mrs. Stallings.

### SISTER DOESN'T BELIEVE STORY

Mrs. Stallings told The Journal that she had heard from her brother about two months ago that Fisher was in Birmingham.

"He said he was going to a hospital and take the drink cure," she said. "Later he said that the cure had failed and I didn't have any or said his letters now, because when I see them as soon as I read them. I don't know what thing about the Phagan case. He drinks so much, he hardly ever tells us the truth."

**Pipedream. Nothing More.**

**Says Detectives of Story**

"A pipedream and nothing more," is the way city detectives characterize the story that Fisher was in Birmingham.

On Sunday morning, the Birmingham chief of police a day or two ago when he was questioned by reporters, said that Leo M. Frank was innocent of the murder of Mary Phagan.

Frank, he said, was a man of good character and he was possessed of facts which would com-

plete his defense. He was taken immediately to the office of Captain R. E. Ross, in the Grant building, where he was closely questioned all day by Assistant District Attorney Arnold, Robert Hale and Captain Burke.

The detectives were under orders from the district attorney to keep Fisher in charge when he got upon the streets and to bring him to police headquarters as soon as possible through a thorough examination. This was done, and Fisher was compelled to give a full account of his story from his lips, and to question him on certain points of his narrative and the photographers desired to snap-

Rosser, "Fisher, will be one of the contestants, and we will win the case. We have received hundreds of letters and telegrams from such cracks in the press as a short enough investigation of the story."

### FINISHED STORY

Then Mr. Fisher, according to the newspaper men as follows:

"This man, who says his name is L. W. Fisher, is a native of Atlanta with a wife and two children now residing in Atlanta. On April 26, the date that Mary Phagan was murdered, he drove downtown in a car, and when he was asked if he knew that man, whose name I am not at liberty to mention now, confided to him that he had been to the pencil factory with Mary Phagan about noon that day. At Marietta, he stopped at a hotel, and let the wagon, telling Fisher to hold his horse while he went to the office. A short time later the unnamed man returned very much excited and told Fisher,

"I have played hell; something awful has happened to me."

"I asked him what he meant, and he said, 'What do you know you must leave town?' then the unnamed man surprised him by saying, 'I have been arrested on a charge of murder, and I am innocent.'

"The unnamed man, however, that Fisher was under arrest once or twice during the period, and naturally the police were called to the scene of the offense.

For further information about Fisher, the reporter was referred to Probation Officer Coogler.

**Says He Can Prove Slayer**

**Check and Money Orders**

(Special Dispatch to The Journal)

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Det. J. W. C. Rosser, of the police department, claims to know the person who murdered Mary Phagan.

Frank's indictment, but believing that he would be acquitted, he kept his secret to himself, and when he was confronted with it, he admitted to his conscience troubled him and being unwilling that his name be mentioned, he told his chief of police, who had demanded to tell all he knew; that he then went to Chief

Warden, and later told it to Captain Burke, who is willingly accompanied his chief of police.

**DELINEES DETAILS.**

Mr. Rosser was asked for more details, but decided to make any further statement, saying he had told the substance to publicize the name of the man accused by Fisher, saying that he had been compelled to do so.

"I am not going to concern him with that," said Mr. Rosser, and then Fisher revealed it to the Birmingham chief.

"WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

Industries had read in the morning papers that the mysterious witness who had been questioned in the result was that throughout Sunday the Grant building was thronged by police and reporters, and was seen in a thorough and searching investigation of Fisher's conduct.

They said that they would use their own discretion as to the kind of story they would publish.

Frank's lawyer, who was the only man who knows anything about this,"

"WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?"

City detectives were on guard at the Grant building throughout Sunday and Sunday night. They explained that they had been compelled to do so.

According to information furnished Chief Bodenker by a local salaried reporter, he had spoken of knowing about the Frank case before he made his first appearance.

According to Spikes he and Fisher

met him at the water treatment plant.

"I KNEW GIRL."

Fisher denied that he had known Phagan, and was extremely shocked when he read of her mysterious death.

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**The Atlanta Journal.**

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.  
Journal Building, 4 North Forsyth Street.  
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change—Main 2606.

The market for high quartered shoes is also an  
active affair.

Mrs. Pankhurst must realize that the detention  
officers after all are mighty good press agents.

The chestnut trees of this country may soon be  
extinct, but fortunately the jokemists are not de-  
pendent upon them for their supplies.

**Seventeen Atlantans, Yet Only One.**

It is a more interesting than important discov-  
ery that there are seventeen towns named Atlanta.

There were any number of Shakespeares in  
Warwickshire, and several William Shakespeares.

Oliver Cromwell, it is said, now sells wigs in  
London. A day's saunter through any countryside  
will acquaint us with Bonders and Hectors; George  
Washingtons and Ty Cobb's. We happen to know  
of a pair of frizzled chickens called Dido and  
Aeneas.

Let a name become famous and it will become  
commonplace.

There are Atlantas in Arkansas, so the postal  
authorities now inform us, in Idaho, Illinois, In-  
diana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan Mis-  
souri, Nebraska, Nevada, New York, Texas and  
Wisconsin—besides the Atlanta in Georgia. A  
letter addressed simply "Atlanta" will, of course,  
go straight to one destination, though it be mailed  
from Herzegovina or the Pribilof Islands. In  
order, however, that other cities may not suffer dis-  
crimination, the postal department requests that in  
all cases the state be designated.

It is not by the way, for some one to  
revive that once restless debate as to the origin of  
the word, "Atlanta".

Life in Mexico is one crisis after another.

One touch of winter makes the whole world  
shiver.

As predicted, it finally devolved on the pres-  
ident to solve the Pankhurst problem.

**The Federal Children's Bureau.**

Harper's Weekly observes that the Southern So-  
ciological Congress which met last in Atlanta adop-  
ted only one resolution, a particularly admirable  
one, however, which "heartily endorses the work  
of the Federal Children's Bureau and earnestly petitions  
the Congress of the United States to grant this  
bureau adequate appropriations for the task assigned,  
of investigating and reporting upon all the facts re-  
lating to children and child-life in this republic."

It is doubtful that many people except those pro-  
fessionally interested in social betterment work know  
that such a bureau exists; yet in its purpose and  
possibilities it is one of the most important branches  
of government service. Child-welfare is really na-  
tional welfare reduced to its simplest expression. The  
government of progressive cities and states is con-  
cerning itself more and more earnestly with the  
rights and opportunities of children. Free kinder-  
gartens, child labor reforms, juvenile courts, parks  
and playgrounds are a few among many wholesome  
evidences of a deep stirring of the public's heart to  
this intensely human issue. Surely, the federal gov-  
ernment should foster such a cause. The present  
appropriation to the Children's Bureau is only thirty  
thousand dollars—rather scanty support for the work  
to be done.

Many an earthly saint has a face that scares away  
temptation.

On the first cold day the consumer as well as  
the merchant takes stock.

Music may be the food of love, but that doesn't  
seem to prevent the corner grocer from piling up a  
fortune.

**Vitalizing the Census.**

The value of a census depends on its accuracy,  
on the comparableness of its figures, and on the promptness with which they are published. In the last two respects, at least, the thirteenth census was a failure.

This report by the Saturday Evening Post is  
typical of countrywide criticism of the looseness  
with which the census bureau has heretofore been  
conducted. The trouble, it is generally agreed, has  
been a plethora of politics and a dearth of hard  
business sense. The remedy, we believe, has been  
found. President Wilson has filled all the offices  
at his disposal with an eye to competent service.  
At the head of the census bureau he has placed a  
Georgia business man. The task is a difficult one,  
but watch this department draw closer to the coun-  
try's needs and realize more richly its own high  
opportunities.

The difference between a politician and a states-  
man is that the politician invariably lands the job.

It isn't the easiest thing in the world to transform  
duty into desire.

**What About the Public Market?**

Through Atlanta's high cost of living there shines  
every season or so the rainbow promise of a public  
market; whereupon the toll-worn coterie faintly  
smiles and our philosophers begin discoursing very  
wisely for the thousandth time on the fine economics  
of direct exchange between producer and con-  
sumers. But as weeks and months wear on and no market arises, we become gradually and shamefully resigned again, and so remain until the time  
for another periodic revival of this issue rolls around.

The day has come when somebody should twitch  
the beard of public spirit and give to these "airy  
nothing a local habitation and a name." For ten  
years or more we have been talking about a public  
market and its divers advantages to the individual  
householder and the entire community. Everyone  
agrees that such an institution is a necessity  
but strangely enough nothing in the way of results  
has yet been forthcoming.

There is reason to believe, however, that the ap-  
pointment of a joint committee by council and the  
chamber of commerce to make a conclusive report on  
this subject and to devise practical plans for the es-  
tablisment of a market will lead to definite action.

Certainly it is that this committee has a wonder-  
fully rich opportunity to serve the public and to  
quicken Atlanta's progress.

It is to be hoped that its members will proceed  
promptly to business.

The longer this matter is postponed the more bur-  
densome will the many problems it involves become.

Let us have action without further delay.

Most of the students in the school of experience  
are forced to study economy.

The black sheep stands a better chance of living  
to a ripe old age than the fattened calf.

**'Possum "Huntin'".**

That is a delightful bit of news from Rome to  
the effect that the country game warden's office has  
been crowded with belles and beaux, securing  
licenses for 'possum hunts. Under the warden's in-  
terpretation of the new law, it seems, a license must  
be had even for 'possum hunting; but is that it any  
particular comfort to the 'possum, but law is law  
and must be observed in jot and tittle.

It is good to know that despite this new impediment  
this hearty Georgia sport is still cherished. In  
hunting 'possums there is a zest and tang that no  
other pursuit affords. The whoop of comrades and  
the answer of hounds, the haze of pine-knot torches  
on red and yellow leaves, the hurly-burly scrambles  
through thicket or briar, the drolleries of the nights  
when the grinning scoun'le is treed and caught  
and tooted off with his tail 'twixt a saplin'. 'Possum  
hunting is pre-eminently sportsman's in its nature, a  
breeder of good fellowship and an ideal occasion for  
old-fashioned "courting." More exciting than all the  
tangoes and turkey trots ever contrived, it should  
become the season's vogue.

Even with the aid of a mirror a woman is unable  
to see herself as others see her.

A woman has no right to blame her husband for  
drinking if she drives him to it.

**Huerta's Safest Course.**

Reports that Huerta is about to resign the pro-  
visional presidency of Mexico may not materialize  
but they are certainly of a logical drift. His situa-  
tion, officially and personally, grows more and more  
precarious. With a bankrupt treasury, a depleted  
and sullen army, a treacherous circle of advisers  
and a record that arouses the hatred of broad-minded  
Mexicans and the contempt of foreign governments,  
he can find no reasonable hope of bettering his pres-  
ent fortune. The fact that he has clung this long  
to his fragment of power shows desperation rather  
than strength.

Porfirio Diaz ruled Mexico with a hand of iron.  
His acts were often arbitrary and intolerable to the  
spirit of a republic. But his rule was that of a vigorous  
mind, bent toward constructive ends and inspired,  
we must believe, by higher interests than merely personal gain.

Old Diaz was a tyrant but a wise one and when he realized that the country was  
against him, he had the good sense and the grace to  
resign.

In Huerta, all these qualities are lacking. Aside  
from a certain craftiness and brute force, he has  
scarcely a trace of leadership; certainly, he has none  
of the mental and moral reserve that sustain men  
and governments in time of crisis. His latest step  
in dispersing the Congress and imprisoning more  
than a hundred of its members, because they dared  
criticize his policies, is a complete betrayal of his  
weakness. It is doubtful that Huerta gives his coun-  
try a thought, but every consideration of self-interest  
should urge him to resign while a voluntary and  
peaceful exit is open.

Certain it is that so long as he is involved in  
Mexico's affairs the quiet restoration of orderly gov-  
ernment will be impossible. No regime with which  
he is identified will receive the recognition of the  
United States or retain the moral support of other  
powers. Dispatches from Vera Cruz credit John  
Lind, President Wilson's special representative in  
Mexico, with a knowledge of Huerta's intention to  
withdraw. It is earnestly to be hoped that the re-  
port is well founded.

The average girl imagines the romance is missing  
from a proposal unless the stage is set for a moon-  
light scene.

If a young man marries a slender girl and she  
develops into a heavy weight in after years, he can  
see where he got more than he bargained for.

The difference between a politician and a states-  
man is that the politician invariably lands the job.

It isn't the easiest thing in the world to transform  
duty into desire.

**PEEPING O'ER THE VEIL**  
*By Savoyard*

Take down your Gibson and let him tell you the  
tales of Caligula and Nero, of Dimitrian and Commodus,  
and what do you say? These were unspeakable  
things! What could be said  
of our own Christians 2,000 years hence, when it is  
narrated that within a store's throw of plutocrats  
worth \$10,000,000 each there were hungry women and  
children, helpless for the day, hopeless of the morrow?  
Once yesterday we read of the suicide of  
a man who had lost his wife, his home, his station,  
preferred death to a life of shame. Only a while ago  
when a Belshazzar feast at \$50 the plate was in  
high style, and a good time had been had to death  
within a pistol shot of the festive board!

And today, here is about the liveliest passage in  
prose letters:

"The yonder o'er, o'erlaker'd wight,  
So object, mean and vile,  
Who bogs a brother of the earth  
To give a little leave to me,  
And his long, low-down worm—  
The poor petition spurn.

Unkindly though a weeping wife  
Is to her mate, her mate's wife."

Is there retribution? Nay, but J. Pierpont Morgan  
died of starvation! Lazarus found refuge on Abra-  
ham's bosom, and it is written:

"Abraham said unto Cain, 'Thou art Abel, thy  
brother? And he said, I know not. Am I my broth-  
er's keeper?'" \*

And this from Victor Hugo: "It is a disgrace to  
heaven's azure that there is one unfortunate man in  
the world!" If the awful interrogatory that came to  
Cain were addressed to the author of "The Great Ad-  
venture," he would find more responses than Cain  
could have been more numerous than they, Cain  
of course, for we are not so numerous as they,  
and who not have been just as Abel?"

How many poor miserables, able to work, capable  
of work, anxious to work, with ready work for them,  
are refused in every corner in our big land!

In the sixteenth century, when in the name of Christ  
heretics, Catholics and Protestant were flying at each  
other's throats, it was thought fit to call a truce to  
commence which still holds to this day.

"Our Father, who art in heaven—"Go catch me  
such a one!"—"Hail to thee, O Name!" That's  
what the Pope said to the aristocracy of birth, when  
one of them through with a snake—"They will be  
shot those rascals there in front of me!"—upon  
earth as it is in heaven—"Cut in pieces those maraud-  
ers who have been born of the Devil, children of the  
King!"—Give us this day our daily bread—"Burn me  
this village!"—Forgive us our sins as we forgive those  
who trespass against us!—Set me free from  
my sins, but not from hell—no, not even from  
temptation!—If the villains cry out, throw them into  
the fire—but deliver us from evil. Amen!"

Thus Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France,  
constructed the Lord's prayer with interpolations direc-  
tory to his ruffian guards as to how they should  
harass the Pope, when the Pope was trying to  
convince them that this man believed himself a pious Christian,  
"a soldier of the cross," doing God's service while  
he was butchering God's children.

The Pope, in the name of the aristocracy of birth, when  
kings ruled by divine right and were the Lord's anointed,

there was a magnificence about the scene that is  
indeed remarkable, reflecting that a group of renegades  
had driven out his master, Hastings or Flodden,

at Poitiers or Agincourt. There was a sense of no-  
pleasure oblige. \*

But ours is the age of wealth. Money stands to  
do for what the sword stood for during the "War  
of the Roses" when Plantagenet was waging of the  
land and later during the "religious wars" of the  
continent when Valois was king of France. In former  
ages he was the aristocrat who girded on his armor  
and marched to war, but in these days he is the  
marauder who steals the other's man's wife, his  
plunder and rapine the stoutest men-at-arms. Now  
the lion's skin is despised for the pen of the fox.  
He is a man who can swin with a millstone by a stroke of the pen that implants  
stocks, or he gathers wealth by the enhancement of  
values due to the hearthfire imports. This one is  
the aristocrat of birth, the other the aristocrat of  
money. They are getting after these gentry over in  
England by means of taxes on wealth—income taxes,  
inheritance taxes, taxes on land values, and so on.  
We are beginning again. \*

I am not according to many a melody predict. And it  
is true. The American was a voter at the beginning  
of the war when Plantagenet was waging of the  
war of the roses and the aristocracy of birth.

And then a time will come to the present century  
when the aristocrat will not be the strong man, nor  
the rich man, nor the wise man, but the good man.

With the exception of the Emperor of China and  
Russia, who is not a good man, he is a bum.

Who does not love October.

Even though frosty breath

Creeps cruelly o'er wood and field

And causes flowers to wither,

When summer verdure stood;

And how the gift o' plenty

Looms up on every side

From fields of golden grain;

From out her nodding fields!

MARY C. BURKE.

Sir: In your "Clipper" Wednesday you wanted  
to know who the "saint" was mentioned in "The White Linen  
Man." "The saint never turned up owing to a woman  
with whom he was dressed her."

This is a case of an indirect object used as the an-  
tecedent of a relative clause. The saint referred to is  
the saint mentioned in the sentence. The saint  
was a saint in the sense of being a saintly person.

It is a case of the article being omitted.

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## OLD GUARD TABLET TO MR. STEPHENS UNVEILED

Honor Paid by Military at  
Grave of Confederacy's Vice  
President

The memory of Alexander H. Stephens, vice president of the Southern Confederacy and one of Georgia's greatest statesmen, was perpetuated at his resting place yesterday when a granite tablet, presented by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, was dedicated over his grave, which is located in the Old Guard Cemetery.

With the circuit rider, it is believed, he was the first man who exhibited a high wire at the same time that Tazzanini attains high C. And in accordance with the reason he gave, according to Miss Bird Millman, exhibitor of the Old Guard of the City Guard.

The tablet, accompanied by an address from the "Pulton Blues" and part of the Red Men's drum corps, was served to Craven, who, on a special train from Atlanta, presented the tablet, presented by General J. F. Parker, prominent member of the park, and a son of Alexander H. Stephens.

The tablet reached Crawfordville noon and was met by a delegation of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

An old-fashioned Georgia dinner was served at the school house, followed by the school auditorium.

Teaching tributes were paid to the memory of the great leader and his citizens of Crawfordville and members of the guard.

Colonel Andrew A. West was the speaker.

CEREMONY IN RAIN.

Following the exercises the military and the band marched to the grave and the services for the unveiling. A drizzling rain drew a wide circle around the Hall in the background.

The Stephens monument gleamed in the rain, its backings gleaming brightly from the giant chinaberry trees.

A man, who Mr. Harrison avows has been concentrated from pictures in the papers as A. H. Stephens, then announced that he had made a statement and if I get a chance I will try to connect him.

After the defense of Frank H. Garrison, attorney for the widow, he wall Jackson in Virginia. He was a volunteer who overheard my telling of the conversation.

He was a man who had known and loved the man who had died.

Among them were men who had known and loved the man who had died.

Many of the good people of Crawfordville also remembered him, a quiet man, who had been buried in the ground on the mountain's side, was so characteristic.

"Not myself, but my Aunt Liza," wrinckled negro mammy of great character, said, "I knowed he was a good man."

Colonel Hurst drew back the white veil and showed the body of the dead man, first three valences across the grave. And a little later in casket gray, Frank, who had struggled for Market Square, sounded "taps."

The funeral will occur at 10 o'clock Tuesday at the Greensboro cemetery, Rev. J. A. Simpson officiating.

INSCRIPTION ON TABLET.

This tablet is the second apart from the Stephens monument, which has stood there for years. It bears this inscription:

This Tablet  
is a tribute from the  
Old Guard  
of the  
Gate City Guard  
in the memory of their  
Alexander Hamilton Stephens,  
Statesman and Patriot,  
and a member of the  
Confederate States of America.  
Born February 11, 1812. Died March 4,  
1883.

Dedicated October 19, 1913.

The following members of the Old Guard went to Crawfordville:

G. H. Yancey, Jr., M. L. Thresher, S. H. Turner, M. L. Fritts, Lucius H. Nichols, K. W. Kinnard, G. W. Lewis, Peter F. Clarke, C. A. Wright, D. W. Wyman, Robert Schmidt, Almon Morris, J. E. Davis, Joseph A. McCord, H. E. Johnson, John A. Jones, A. J. West, W. S. Lounsbury, J. W. Murrell, E. L. Wright, William L. Hanmer, W. H. Bancker, George M. Naper, F. T. Ridge, W. Berry, W. C. Moore, Sam W. Cummings, R. H. Comer, J. Shields, T. A. Kemp, Walter E. Hancock, T. C. Brown, H. M. Deutell.

## HIGH WIRE WALKER SAYS IT'S SAFE AS A STREET

Miss Bird Millman Will Be One  
of Beauties in Circus Here  
October 27

The "Garrison" & "Bajou" circus is more than ever a "biggest show" this season. Never before have women dominated the circus program as they do this year. The display of feminine pugilistic ruse rivals a Broadway production.

With the circus there is a beautifying wire who outshines with a high wire who the same case that Tazzanini attains high C. And in accordance with the reason he gave, according to Miss Bird Millman, exhibitor of the Old Guard of the City Guard.

The girl, accompanied by an address from the "Pulton Blues" and part of the Red Men's drum corps, was served to Craven, who, on a special train from Atlanta, presented the tablet, presented by General J. F. Parker, prominent member of the park, and a son of Alexander H. Stephens.

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## Want Ads FREE

For its readers The Atlanta Journal will print free Want Ads of two lines or less. Only one ad per person. No charge. Wanted Help, Male or Female (not domestic); Wanted Situations; Male or Female; Room or Room and Board; For Rent; Room, Board or Furniture (Atlanta Private Homes); For Sale; House or Good Things (Not Stocks). Free want ads should be headed in at the Journal offices before 10 a.m. or after 4 p.m. Saturday for insertion Sunday. If the first three days of the week do not suffice, call 211 Empire. If it is as many times as may be required.

Regular rates will be charged for later ads, for all telephone numbers, and for ads in the Journal's classifieds. All Want Ads in which longer than body type is used, for any excess of two lines and for all classifieds, will be charged extra.

### Want Ad Rates

One cent, 10¢ a line

Three lines, 25¢ a line

Seven times, 75¢ a line

The reduced rates are for consecutive insertions;

Ads of average length are counted as 1 line.

The minimum charge is twice of two cents.

Free Want Ads are inserted wholly at the risk of the advertiser without recourse for any cause upon The Journal.

**Phone Your Charge Wants**

Main 2000

Atlanta 423

The Journal Covers

Dixie Like the Dew

**WANTED HELP—MALE**

BOY WANTED—Aged at 18 Spring.

WANTED—Man to do shingling. Call 121.

EXPERIENCED stone-bookkeeper. 1913 Century building.

HOMESUPER to work on accounts in even

WANTED—Boy to mix wax, work around the job. Young man, factory. Atlanta Easelco Co. 102-104-106 Marietta Street.

JOE CONDUIT—Nylon wire for gas pipe. Main 2000. 10¢ a day.

WANTED—Two white drivers for delivery was.

WANTED—Good violin player, state price in first letter. Rex Theater, Greenwood, Ga.

ONE cut-off saw and one snare drum. Price \$10.

WANTED—Fretless, blacksmith and horse.

NUMBER ONE, which has steady job; others need not apply. C. H. Yearwood, Atlanta, Georgia.

WANTED—Any good white oyster openers.

WANTED—Caterers and waiters needed. Apply West Hunter street.

WANTED—Cylinder pressers and two feeders.

WANTED—Truck drivers, regular work and good wages. Golden Eagle Buggz company.

WANTED—Names of men eighteen to forty-five, wishing to be Atlanta mail carriers. \$67 per month.

PIPE渴望者, wanted, first-class man to cover pipes, more but experienced need apply. Main 2000.

WANTED—Two experienced trimmers, regular work and good wages. Golden Eagle Buggz company.

WANTED—Young men to do odd jobs. Call 121.

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WANTED—Good violin player, state price in first letter. Rex Theater, Greenwood, Ga.

ONE cut-off saw and one snare drum. Price \$10.

WANTED—Fretless, blacksmith and horse.

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